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Multum in Parvo.

MULTUM IN PARVO

By

G. W. SIMMONS, SR.,
Edgewood, Ga.

CONTENTS

Poetry, Songs, Recitations for Sunday Schools and Other Occasions, A Short Civil War History for Children. How the Farmers Alliance and Peoples Party Came, With All of Its Turmoil and Strife, &c., &c.

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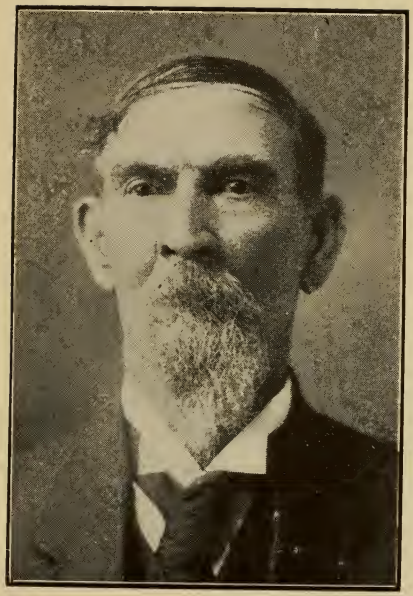
No. 1

FOREWORD.

In offering this little book, to the reading public, I do so, trusting that it will be a blessing to humanity, and cause people to think on their ways, while time and opportunity is afforded. In composing the secred poems, I have tried to be orthordox, and not to deal in any speculation not found in the revealed Word of God. The poems not sacred I trust will be instructive and helpful. I have done the very best I could, to get out a clean little work, one that will appeal to the very best there is in humanity.

In conclusion, will say that whatever consideration I may receive from a kind-hearted people will be greatly appreciated by the

AUTHOR.



G. W. SIMMONS, SR.

Born in Fayette County, Ga., October 12th, 1841; was sworn into the Confederate service at the beginning of the war and remained until the close.

CREATION.

No echo from that voiceless shore,
Before the earth was made;
When darkness filled the vast unknown,
No world's foundations laid.

No sun, no moon, no twinkling stars,
No sign of breaking day;
Had yet appeared upon the scene,
To chase the gloom away.

When God in his appointed time,
Unaided and alone;
He only said "let there be light,"
The worlds in beauty shone.

He made this earth for man's abode,
While in the trial stage;
And importunes him to prepare,
For that eternal age.

THE END OF LIFE.

The end of life draws near and nearer,
While the days are going bye;
Yet we'll anchor if we're faithful,
In that home beyond the sky.

There we'll meet familiar faces,
Who have gone on long ago,
And join them in the angel chorus,
On that happy, golden shore.

Or will we loiter while sojourning?
Drinking pleasures here and there;
Until the harvestime is ended,
Hope giving place to keen despair.

Here we have both pain and pleasure,
As we journey on our way;
Hurrying, scurrying hither thither,
Hastening to the judgment day.

THE LAST JUDGMENT.

The great arch angel will descend,
With clarion trumpet call;
To awake the nation's underground,
The dead both great and small.

The earth will reel like a drunken man,
The stars from their orbits flung;
The earth and sea give up its dead,
All people old and young.

Every son and daughter of Adam's race,
Whether prepared or not;
Will hear the welcome sound "Come ye"
Or the awful word depart.

Each one will go to his final place.
Where'ere that place may be;
To spend the never ending days,
In vast eternity.

RECOGNITION.

Will we know each other there?
  There is no doubt with me;
If I am not myself again,
  Pray tell me who I'll be?

What if some being yet unknown,
  Comes from our sleeping dust;
That does not know from whence it came,
  Will be nothing worth to us.

Sure we must know if we are known
  Must see if we are seen;
Or else all things will be the same,
  As though we'd never been.

Then let us do our very best,
  To shun the paths of sin;
So when this flitful life is o'er,
  We can boldly enter in.

If a man die shall he live again. Job 14:14.

The one great question here below,
I ask with bated breath;
Its will my being cease to be,
When I am still in death?

And will I in obstruction cold,
Remain forever more;
And take no part in men's affairs
Nor angels nevermore?

And will the grave forever hold,
Me in its strong embrace;
While raging storms are sweeping o'er,
My hapless resting place?

No this sad fate will never be,
Whatever else may come;
I'll live and be myself again,
And know as I am known.

Thus saith the blessed Book of Life,
Whose author can not lie;
I've trusted long, am trusting on,
And will until I die.

Then in a song I have not learned,
An anthem new to me;
I'll sing his praise and lisp his name,
Throughout eternity.

"For I know that my redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth. And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God; whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold and not another." Job 19:25.

SPEAK SOFTLY.

Speak softly to thy mother girls,
She has so many cares;
And trials that you know not of,
In her declining years.

Once she was young, like you are now,
Her form erect and bold,
But oh, a change is coming on,
Thy mother's growing old.

She cared for thee, when thou wast young,
And helpless as could be;
She watched thy every little prank,
And joined thee in thy glee.

Thy mother has some tiny faults,
Some little childish ways;
Give thou no heed to none of these
Nor what she does or says.

The pale horse with his rider death,
  So soon will do his worst;
Her spirit then called back to God,
  Her form to mould in dust.

And thou, thyself, art dwelling in,
  The shadow of the urn;
For God hath called thee, from the dust,
  To dust thou shalt return.

Speak softly, sweetly, dearest girls,
  In every thing be true;
A spotless record thou will leave,
  When gone beyond the blue.

Honour Thy father and Thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord Thy God giveth Thee. Exodus 20:12.

BE GOOD AND TRUE.

Be good and true my noble boy,
'Twill give you pleasure and great joy;
When you are old and full of years,
With no regrets, no cause for tears.

While you are strong and in your prime,
Improve each moment of your time:
By helping others on the road,
Bowed down beneath a heavy load.

Be pure and clean while you are young,
In word and deed, in thought and tongue;
'Twill be your stay when storms and strife
Around you rage in after life.

Oh, may your heart be pure and clean,
May sinful lust ne'er come there in;
One evil thought may weld a chain,
From which you'll ne'er be free again.

The moments fly and soon are gone,
What e'er you do will soon be done;
Use well these moments while you may,
You'll need them in the judgment day.

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say I have no pleasure in them; Ecclesiastes 12:1.

PERFECT LOVE.

Part 1.

There is a potent unseen force,
That cometh from above;
Is measured not by meets and bounds,
Our Father calls it love.

Chorus.

In the sweet bye and bye,
In the sweet bye and bye,
In the sweet bye and bye,
We will meet bye and bye.

It's gentle as a summer breeze,
And silent as the dew;
Can melt the hard and stony heart,
And make the crooked true.

Part 2—Chorus.

No other love, but perfect love,
Will keep the conscience clear;
The book of life plainly declares,
It "casteth out all fear."

Chorus.

It leads one up on higher ground,
An atmosphere divine;
A life high up on "Pisgah's top"
The "land of corn and wine."

Chorus.

No evil passions to subdue,
No shade of fear or doubt;
No fears without, no wars within,
All bitterness cast out.

Chorus.

Oh, happy state, Oh, "Beulah" Land
With fields all clothed in light;
Oh, glorious visions of that throng,
In robes of spotless white.

Chorus.

With joyful hearts we'll labor on,
Until our work is done;
A gracious gift we'll then receive,
A golden harp and crown.

Part 3—Chorus.

And now young people, one and all,
The world depends on you;
Just get this love from heaven above,
T'will keep you clean and true.

◇ ◆ ◇

There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear: because fear hath torment. He that feareth is not made perfect in love. 1 John 4:18.

The song, "Perfect Love," can be sung to the old tune, And must I be to judgment brought, with the chorus, we are passing away or any other C. M. tune.

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

Time in its never ceasing flight,
  Is bearing mortals on;
Into a realm no eye hath seen,
  A world no one hath known.

The morning is succeeding night,
  The night pursuing day;
Around the starlit canopy,
  Jehovah's great speedway.

The bright and lovely days of spring,
  So soon they come and go;
Transforming bleakness into warmth,
  Returning never more.

Then autumn in its yellow leaf,
  And fields of golden grain;
Supplying food for man and beast,
  But ne'er returns again.

The winter clothed in icy robes,
Next in its order comes;
Undoing all that spring has done,
And swiftly passes on.

We look into the face of friends,
Whom we've not seen for years;
And oh, what changes time hath wrought,
Fair faces scarred with cares.

Our fathers and our mothers dear,
Have been and seen their day;
Like those who lived in other times,
Have come and passed away.

And we ourselves are not exempt,
From time's relentless hand;
For slowly, surely, we are like
The hour glass and sand.

No envy for Thee, Father Time,
Thy reign will soon be o'er;
And I will walk the golden streets,
When thou wilt be no more.

RETRIBUTION.

If any word in our tongue,
Would send a quake through any one,
Or startle people old or young,
As no other word has ever done;
Retribution is the one.

Your sin will find you out, be sure,
Are awful words and yet so true;
Were written for myself and you,
That we might make it safely through;
This world of sin and sorrow too,
Into that home beyond the blue.

If we should treat our brother ill,
Or worse than that, our brother kill;
Remorse, remorse, would send a chill,
Through every fiber, every rill;
And our hearts with consternation fill.

Then why not try a rule that's stood,
The test of time and still is good;
Just treat your neighbor as you should,
If you'll do this I'm sure he would:
Do everything in reach he could,
By returning only, good for good.

And now, dear friends, where e're you be,
In any clime on land or sea;
One thing remains for you and me,
If we the proimsed land would see;
Prepare in time for eternity.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

There's nothing like the golden rule,
To keep you clean and true;
Just do unto your fellow man,
As you'd have him do to you.

MAN WILL LIVE AGAIN.

Of all the creatures God hath made,
  Man is the only one;
Who hath the pledge of life again,
  In this he is alone.

He looks into the face of him,
  Who ruleth from above;
He puts his puny hand in his
  And shares with him his love.

He knows that God is ever near—
  It makes his heart rejoice;
While leaning on and listening to,
  That sweet, but still small voice.

If he should wander far away,
  Out on the mountain cold;
That tender pleading voice he hears,
  Saying come back to the fold.

Whether of good or bad report,
  Of low or lofty aim;
He looks out on the rolling worlds,
  And longs for life again.

While nature's not the great first cause,
  Yet innate laws are true;
Implanted in the human heart,
  That God will surely do.

Then just as sure as God is true,
  And man so close of kin;
His nature's promise he will keep
  And man will live again.

In this recitation I have tried to prove by natures laws alone, that man will live again.

SAINT OR SINNER.

A saint or sinner, which are you,
Whose ranks do you belong?
You are a child of righteousness,
Or, are you coasting down.

The king's highway of holiness,
Has nothing vile there on;
You are either on the kings highway,
Or you are coasting down.

The way is straight and well defined,
There is no middle ground;
You are either in the narrow way,
Or you are coasting down.

The road that leads to heaven above,
Is built on solid ground;
You are either on this rock bed road,
Or you are coasting down.

A soldier's helmet you must wear,
With lance and visor down;
While marching onward to the fray,
Or you are coasting down.

And when you've fought a glorious fight,
And laid your armor down;
You'll hear the welcome sound well done,
There'll be no "sinking down."

YOU ARE WHAT YOUR COMPANIONS ARE.

Are your companions good and true,
  Or are they vile and mean;
If they are good, then you are too,
  If vile you are unclean.

Do your companions curse and swear,
  And take God's name in vain?
If this is what your comrades do,
  You are doing just the same.

Do your companions keep late hours,
  And glory in their shame;
If this is what your comrades do,
  You are doing just the same.

Do your companions frequent dives,
  And houses of "ill-fame;"
If this is what your comrades do,
  You are doing just the same.

Do your companions fight and brawl,
And do things, we can not name;
If this is what your comrades do,
You are doing just the same.

Do your companions lie and steal,
Or play a "flim-flam" game;
If this is what your comrades do,
You are doing just the same.

Would your companions loot a bank,
Or rob a railroad train;
If this is what your comrades do,
You are doing just the same.

Now, listen boys, take my advice,
Get off this dangerous route;
This "bunch" will lead you down to Hell,
But will never lead you out.

CONTENTMENT.

I.

Contentment does not come with strife,,
Nor does it come by sinful life;
It does not come by being mean,
Nor does it come to those unclean;
It does not come on wings of wealth,
Nor does it ever come by stealth;
It does not come in sparkling wine,
Nor stronger drink of any kind;
It does not come in lager beer,
Nor by the kind that is so "near;"
It does not come the baseball way,
Nor by the "moving" picture play;
It does come in social game,
Nor kindred plays that are the same;
In the locker club it does not come,
Nor any place where wrong is done;
It does not come in the gambling den,
Nor like resorts for only men;
It does not come by graft or greed;
To any calling craft or creed,

It does not come in the tango ball,
The "bunny hug" and "promenade all;"
It does not come in family broils,
With midnight scenes and pounting quarrels.

II.

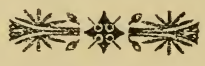
Methinks I hear some dear one say,
If it comes at all, pray tell which way?
The way is straight and narrow too,
And comes to just a precious few.

III.

It comes by being just and true,
To those with whom you have to do;
It comes by being pure and good,
Who treat their neighbor as they should;
It comes by being meek and mild,
Who greet their brother with a smile;
It comes by speaking soft and sweet,
To every one you chance to meet;
It comes by helping your fellow man
In every sort of way you can;

It comes by sharing with the poor,
Your bounteous stock, or scanty store,
It comes by being filled with love,
And affections placed on things above;
It comes by constant watchful care,
And never-ceasing thoughtful prayer;
It comes by going all the way,
And when you've gone, be sure you stay;
It comes by living while you may,
As in the light of the judgment day;
It comes by getting your full consent,
To pay the price, you'll be content.

Godliness with contentment is great gain. 1 Timothy 6:6.



THE CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.

The Southern soldier in his prime,
  Surrendered freely all
The comforts of his fireside,
  To heed the bugle call.

He loved his wife and children dear,
  He loved his happy home;
He loved his country's cause supreme,
  When call to duty come.

His bed ofttimes the frozen ground
  And ice where'er you go;
His scanty knapsack for his head,
  His cover white with snow.

No plumed knight in times of old,
  Nor ne'er the spartan band;
E'er fought more fiercely for his cause,
  His home, his native land.

For full four long and trying years,
He by his ensign stood;
While shrieking missiles came like hail,
And drenched the land in blood.

In time of war, in time of peace,
On ocean, land or sea;
No purer, truer, braver man,
E'er lived or died than he.

The greater part have passed beyond,
A remnant yet remain;
No more to head the bugle call,
Nor answer ne'er again.

His name enshrined in many hearts,
For deeds of valor done;
Poets and bards will sing of him,
Long after he has gone.

We'll turn our eyes from bloody scenes,
The carnage and the gore;
And hope and pray the demon war,
Will cloud our skies no more.

A SHORT WAR HISTORY FOR CHILDREN.

As I was in the Confederate army, and wear a soldier's cross of honor, the boys and girls are often asking for war stories, or some information about the war, they are so much interested that sometimes boys, eight or ten years old will say, Mister was'nt you in the war, oh yes, did you get killed? To be sure, interested, but absent-minded. Well, dear children, the cause of the war was slavery. A great while ago, the colored race dwelt in Africa, in tribes or little kingdoms. These tribes were continually at war, and the tribe that was victorious would sell their victims to trading ships. These trading ships would then carry their purchase to where they could get the most money for it. This is only natural. A great many were sold up North in a cold climate. But the colored race was not used to cold weather and did not fit these conditions, and when this was found out, by actual test, those who had invested their money in slaves, were glad to find a market for them, hence they naturally drifted to the South.

Here the climate and the kind of service they could perform, suited them much better than a cold climate. And so they grew and multiplied, and the traffic in slavery went on.

The trading ships kept plying the ocean, landing them in a cold climate. They were then resold and brought to a warmer climate. So in the course of time, the entire Southland was filled with the colored race. They were bought and sold as horses and mules are today; some were overworked and underfed, no doubt; but so far as I know, and I lived in that day, I think the great majority had good masters, who were kind to their slaves. One thing is worthy of notice, devotion was never truer, than the devotion of the "old black mammy" to her old "missus" and her young "missus." So we people who lived in the South, being used to slavery, knew nothing else, of course not. But after awhile the people who lived up North, began to murmer about slavery, and so it went on from bad to worse.

Now the laws of the Federal Constitution tolerated slavery, and was supposed to protect it. But the anti-slavery sentiment had grown so strong in the North, that every thing that was talked of, was the sin of slavery. Some of the Northen States had abolished slavery; and in addition passed laws, that any slave escaping from a slave-holding state, should be free. And more than that, they passed laws imposing heavy penalties on any slave owner whose slave had escaped into the free states, to

even attempt to take his own back to service. Now was not this a "pickle?"

Notwithstanding the U. S. Supreme Court, the highest authority in the land, had continuously held that they should be remanded to service. This was known in that day as the fugitive rendition law. A palpable violation of this law created the greatest consternation and uneasiness in the Southern heart. The Southern people were willing to abide by the Constitution. But the "Abolitionist" in the North, as they were then called, said no, we will never abide by the Constitution. That the rulings of the Supreme Court were only a "covenant with death, and an agreement with hell." In the midst of this great excitement, we had a presidential election, unfortunately for the South, we had three candidates in the field. But the anti-slavery element threw their combined strength together and elected Abraham Lincoln to the presidency, a man opposed to slavery, though not an abolitionist. The Southern States then feeling that they had no safety nor security in the Union, met and annulled their allegiance to the Federal Government, and formulated a new one, known as the Southern Confederacy. These were some of the things that brought on the war. The greatest of modern wars. Thousands of lives were lost

and millions of property destroyed. The South was eventually crushed, and the end came, the slaves freed, and pandemonium reigned. Of all the hard times you hear about, just after the war were the hardest. People did manage to get enough to sustain life, but that was about all. A great many people who had been used to plenty, were now reduced to the greatest hardships. But time is a great healer. Fifty years have passed, and the bloody chasm between the North and South has been bridged. Instead of hatred, we have love, and admiration for each other. A united and prosperous people. The slaves who were the bone of contention in this terrible struggle, are now free, contented and happy.

As we look back through the mists of the past, can we not see the loving hand of God in it all?

A PRAYER FOR PEACE.

Father of lights we come to Thee,
In this our sore distress;
And pray Thee, who alone can give,
The warring nation's rest.

Uncover Lord, Thy mighty arm,
Thy sovereign power display;
Oh, stay the hands of sinful men,
Their thirst for blood allay.

Thou knowest why, we do not know,
From whence this fearful strife;
Why creatures in thy image made,
Should seek each other's life.

We come not in our name or strength,
Be this our only plea,
That Thou put forth Thy mighty arm,
And calm the troubled sea.

Father of Love, we beg of Thee,
In this our great distress;
We pray Thee, hear a pleading world,
And give the nation's rest.

"**Behold how a great a matter a little fire kindleth.**" James 3:5.

Part I.

Some twenty years back, or more than that,
The farmers a little in debt;
Now is the time a syndicate says,
We'll "rope in" them farmers, you bet.

A charter so-called, is all that we need,
And the cost is a trifle you know;
Ten thousand per cent. is a good investment,
On money when interest is low.

The farmer, dear farmer, shall have full sway,
No corporate interest shall be in his way;
Not one of the professions you ever will find,
Repeating the password or giving the sign.

We'll sell him a charter, and also a seal,
Can order supplies from the far away field;
The price we'll charge him will only be eight
This he knows well is quite moderate.

We'll peddle our charters from ocean to sea,
Giving our speakers a contingent fee;
And they'll succeed, if only they'll try,
And we'll bag millions in the near bye and bye.

If by dissensions, discord, and political strife,
With the Democrat party on trial for life;
Meads of praise we'll hear from many a mouth,
Well done syndicate, you've dismantled the South.

Part II.

But the Democrat party is as true as of old,
Every thread in its garment is made of pure gold;
And if my brother you are out in the cold,
I pray you return to the Democrat fold.

Then when, oh when; will we ever learn,
To let these merciless shylocks alone;
Whose only contention and purpose in life,
Is to replenish their coffers and foment strife.

In the future, dear people, I think it is well,
To "keep tab" on fellows with charters to sell;
We've learned a sad lesson we'll never forget,
A people divided, and the end is not yet.

Part III.

From this purely speculative "coupe" of selling charters, (like lightning rods and sulky plows are sold), came the Farmers Alliance, and from the Farmers Alliance came a new party; and from this new party came the stormiest period since the civil war. Happily these things have all passed into history, and I sincerely hope, will never be repeated again. I only mention this as an item of news, but it is a true story all the same, not a fairy tale, nor mental hallucination.

THE YOUNG SPORTSMAN.

I took my powder and my shot,
And rammed them down my gun;
And started out across the field,
Thinking to see some fun.

I found a "yaller hammer,"
Sitting on her nest;
I stepped back a step or two,
And took a steady rest.

I found a limb upon a tree,
On which to lay my gun;
I pulled the trigger, the gun went off,
And down the birdie come.

I took it quickly in my hands
And started in a trot;
On reaching home I cleaned it well,
And put it in the pot.

When morning came, I fried her brown,
She was so very nice;
I forked her out upon my plate,
And cut me off a slice.

I hope you all will pardon me,
For this my first offense;
The boy that eats a mother bird,
Has very little sense.

Moral.

Take not in sport, that life you cannot give,
For every thing has an equal right to live.

THE FLYING MACHINE.

The flying machine can never stay,
But for awhile I frankly say;
When mortals o'er the ocean soar,
Then nature's laws will be no more.

The vast expanse, the boundless main,
The surging billows, the seething brain;
No mortal on earth could stand this strain,
It matter not from whence he came.

A few brave hearts may reach the sky,
And some will fail, and some may fly;
For mortals on earth to seek this plane,
"The candle is not worth the flame."

The good Lord in His wisdom knew,
The sphere his creatures were suited to;
For those that fly and never fail,
He grew upon them wings and tail.

Now I am just a "plain blunt man,"
The truth I'll tell you if I can;
As man was never made to fly,
It's suicidal for him to try.

The love of money and renown,
Are causing many to bite the ground;
Oh; science false, thou art a snare:
A fatal mirage in the air.

If those who own the yellow gold,
Will bait no more, these pilots bold;
This flying craze will then be o'er.
And from it nothing "never more."

I think it is safer to stay on the ground.

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

So soon, the warfare will be o'er,
  So soon, the race be run;
So soon, the last fierce battle fought,
  The conflict lost or won.

What then will be our final doom,
  What then, will be our fate;
What then, will be the finale,
  A sad or happy State.

Sometimes we are by cares cast down,
  Sometimes by doubt and fear;
Sometimes in the "wee little hours,"
  When none but God is near.

By faith we then, look up to him,
  By faith he gives us rest;
By faith he'll take us to himself,
  To be forever blest.

The End.

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